







QUIVERING CLITS





I got the girl indoors and made her take off all her clothes in front of me, very slowly, while I sat and stared at her fully dressed. I wasn't lifting a finger to help her and I wouldn't comment on how I found her body. By the time she was totally naked she was clearly feeling nervous and a little disturbed. Well, I like to keep my women down, but then devote all their concentration on the question of how to please me best, and if they don't know how they're doing I find that's the most effective good.

I simply treated her to a very critical investigatory stare while the stood naked already in front of me, looking more and more perturbed. Then I told her to turn around. God, I loved this woman's body, it really was perfect, but I wasn't going to let her know that. I made no comment at all on her beauty - or, at the most bare constraint, her lack of it.

Rather forcefully I ordered her to go and sit down in the other chair and to keep silent unless or until I spoke to her. She sat there, really making my bollocks boil, my eyes drinking in her beautiful voluptuous features, and especially her wonderful meaty thighs and her amazingly exotic whopping great breasts.

I was determined to prove to her that here in my domain she was going to be nothing more than a body that had been created to serve me and to give me pleasure. Whether she derived any pleasure from my treating her purely unsexually to me.

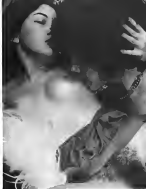
She was getting so nervous under my peering silent stare that she started shifting around in her chair, presenting her loveliness to me in so many different postures that my arousal was becoming slowly escalating. She also looked sad, as if she might cry, and that excited me even more. It could be that my recent bad experiences with little girls was making me cruel to her as the only way I could take my revenge on the female of the species.

Whatever the explanation, I was rapping myself so extremely I don't think I'd ever had so much pleasure with a woman before.

"Get up," Iaqueta?" I said. Obsequiously she stood up - then, again, I became silent. She was so disturbed at not knowing what to do next. She didn't know whether to sit down or come towards me or what. This proof of my power over her gave me a sharp kick. Her eyes became glassy and a tear trickled down her cheek. I said nothing. I wanted to humiliate her. God, I wanted to get my own back on women! Her beautiful mouth quivered with emotion. I gave her no further instructions and, as she had fallen under my power, I left her standing there uselessly missing her body











very slightly while I stared at her very intently, absorbing what I saw.

At last I relaxed. "Touch your breasts, Jacquetta," I ordered her. "Go on, feel them. Stroke them and play with your nipples. I want to see what happens."

"You bastard," I heard her say softly under her breath, but as she made a real attempt to stifle the expression before I heard it I forgave her—for the present. But she complied with my demand and started rubbing and rubbing those beautiful huge breasts and squeezing them between her fingers.

"Push your nipples," I said her, feeling electric with excitement. "Work them!" My voice had risen to a shout, and Jacquetta obeyed instantly, pinching her big hard nipples so sharply that her whole body quivered under this self-abuse. My only worry was whether I might orgasm spontaneously—some in my pants rather than in the ways I'd carefully planned. I fought the urge furiously, and succeeded in holding my spunk down. Just.

"Come on!" I yelled at her. "Put more energy into it. I want to see those





looks really mean." This was truly sad-istic because Jacquette was already rubbing and caressing her tits in a frenzy just for me. Well, I think she was getting something out of it too. Indeed she was now grunting and moaning wildly, and I had no doubt about the extent of her arousal.

Suddenly I realized that the more I pushed her the harder I was being to her. For she was one of those women who love being dragged through the mud - maybe literally! She wanted to be dominated just like I wanted to dominate and control her. This was just a mutual game, and my vicious refusal less towards her could be incorporated into the play without harm to either of us.

What was so utterly beautiful about the wild thimbleweed Jacquette was now going headfirst was that although her accomplished hands were still confined to her breasts the effects were becoming visible throughout her whole body. Her

face and chest were flushed and her eyes had taken on a look of sheer sensual hunger. Little sounds of desire were escaping her thick beautiful lips every moment. And now, as she stood directly in front of me, her delicious naked torso was twitching and quivering all over in tumultuous agitation, her hips were revolving like a belly dancer's, her legs but barely visible were grinding gloriously, and I could see she was going to have an orgasm any minute if I let her continue. I decided against doing so.

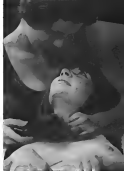
"Stop it!" I yelled at her - and she looked so shattered I almost felt sorry for her. I stopped the weakness of mine on my tracks. What Jacquette needed, transparently, was a hard man in every sense of the word. And to me, I knew, she had encountered perfection.

Allowing myself to smile faintly, but in such a way that Jacquette was going to find it more disturbing than if I had glared at her, I stood up and ordered her to remove my clothes. Jacquette's only

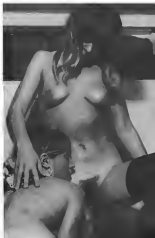
desire now was to please me to the limits of her obviously very generous capacity. In her gentle touch, in the look of my garments one by one with measured grace, I sensed not only her powerful lust for my body but also her tremendous newfound respect for me as her conqueror and subduer. I would be the one man in her life who by creating in a woman would be worshipped as a god. Whereas, if I treated her as an equal she would merely consume me sexually. And it was the god treatment that I now was eagerly craved.

When I was at naked to her I lay down on a couch. I realize I was an arrogant snob - what I wanted was worship from a woman, and especially from a woman as beautiful as Jacquette. In fact it was Jacquette specifically that I wanted to worship me. I told her how I wanted it done, and her response was a breathless, excited "Oh yeah!"

She knelt on the floor beside the chair-legs and gently lowered her









face over my feet, covering them with her swarming long brown hair. Then, softly, she began to kiss my toes. She may have felt wrong around her my intention to her specifically prohibited its expression except in a robustly elevated form. I did not want to be slumped all over in a frenzy of female oral depravity. I wanted a long, slow, sensitive and totally absent head-to-toe job and that's just what I got, although in the reverse order.

Her lips and tongue teased each of my toes individually, idling not just each toe but the crevices between them too. After about five minutes she transferred her attention to my feet proper. And I could tell, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that her response was getting stronger every minute. In other words, being forced to behave like a slave was turning her in like never before!

From the tops of my feet she proceeded to the soles, and then the sides, seeking every subcutaneous of their surfaces in a continuous stream of saline

which she afterwards wiped away with her hair. The licking of her tongue and lips - if she'd dared to use her teeth I'd have broken her! - was supremely erotic and mind-blowingly exquisite.

She proceeded to my calves. Oh boy, I'd never known anything like this for sheer sensation - to have a purpose utterly asked female greedily kiss all of my body as a panache of voluptuous adoration, paying homage in obedient harping devotion. She spent nights on my knees, where I admit are somewhat knobby. She took both my forearms wholly into her mouth, one after the other. Then she moved on to my thighs, and now the sexual nature of this self-document mind she was performing so perfectly came right out into the open.

I had forbidden her to use her hands on my body, and as she kept there with her legs pressed directly together and her hands clasped behind her back as per my instructions, she teased lasciviously. Her mouth was running softly, up and down my legs making me shiver with sexual electricity as her

lips strongly expressed her deepest servitude with their lascivious ministrations.

She worked her way up to my ankles and then along the whole length of my arms to my fingertips. After that I turned over, and felt the most sensational pleasure in Jaquetta slowly and unobscurely sensuously knead the whole raw surface of my body, spending about twenty minutes on my buttocks alone. Her completed voyage back to my feet seemed to take an week, and there was no lessening of desire. If only all women would take the trouble to worship their natural masters in the manner they deserve they would never have an opportunity to complain about contractions as to how to please her master best, but once told she needed no second bidding.

Then Jaquetta not only turned me on to the beauties of huge women but also showed me how I really wanted a woman to be. What could all be more?



Tit To Tit..

During the summer we went in holiday to Agde, the tourist resort in the South of France. Even though they are used to seeing people nude we were still something of a sensation as we bounced about the beach.

Here we met an extremely wealthy man who invited us to stay on his yacht for a few days.

There were two other girls on the yacht and several men.

Glimping across I saw Denise, kneeling up on the bunk with her face pressed into the mattress, distorted with pleasure and groaning passionately as her lover thrust into her with his short thick member.

There were several changes made of partners and I was heavily into over by a short fat middle-aged man who to my utter frustration had a severe case of droop. I tried everything I knew to console him and to some extent I did manage to make him make deep moaning my enormous breasts around his withering test, but he was too fat to get to orgasm.

Unfortunately, this was the trouble with all the men. They were all, either too old, too drunk up, or too shaggy out to perform satisfactorily.

One of the other girls, a tall, French blonde with unusually long dangling tits seemed to be especially frustrated, she obviously needed something more. She went over to Di and began rubbing herself all over Di's well oiled body. From her red lips (Di's) they had been feeling aroused) and a bit kinky herself. Very soon the pair of them were searching at each other's vulvas with lapping tongues.

The other girl on the yacht was a short, fat, negress

with the most colossal butt. She had been receiving special attention from the yacht owner. Although he had gone up on her himself he was keeping her pretty happy with a giant vibrator. With her thighs pressed well back, her knees beyond his head, she was taking it up to the hilt and enjoying every stroke.

She presented the most sight I have ever seen in my life. Although only 5' tall she had an incredible hour glass figure, her waist was only about 35" yet she had an enormous 55" plus bust, massive rolling hips, and huge highly sprung breasts. Earlier she had painted the surroundings of her breasts with white makeup. She was naked except for a pair of luminous pink stockings which shone in the half light and looked fantastic against the black of her body. When the ship was building up someone had tied long streamer ribbons to her nipples and the men took turns in pulling her around the boat by her massive black globes.

Her partner finally collapsed over her unable to continue. She had taken all the men had to offer, it wasn't enough, she was still looking for more action.

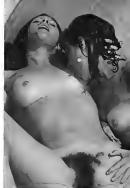
Coming over to where Denise and the blonde were performing she knelt behind Denise who was on all fours and began licking between the cheeks of her plump buttocks. I saw Di give a start as if she received an electric shock. Within seconds the orgiastic convulsions her fat ass was thrashing with excitement. She yelled off the blonde who had also orgasmed and lay along side her, moaning words of ecstasy. The Negress knelt over Di, then, dropping her mammoth black breasts over her



















two began whipping her with them in a sexual frenzy. Dianne meanwhile had taken them by the girl vibrator which she thrust characteristically into the contorting black girl. After some minutes the Negroes called out in a repeated hoarse voice "I'm GOOOOOOOOOING!" then collapsed over D. They knelt in a tight embrace and lay together cursing each other loudly.

At that moment I felt a strange sensation. I would never have thought possible. I was proud that Dianne was making love. It seemed ridiculous that although we had shared many men together I had never felt any jealousy toward them, but this was the first time we had ever been sexually involved with

other women. I never would have ever dreamed that I had Lesbian tendencies yet here I was feeling that Dianne had been faithful to me in some way.

Before I really had a chance to put my thoughts together the tall blonde came over and lay down alongside me on the bunk and began fondling my breasts. Clearly obviously these two girls were bisexual and quite fond of D and myself.

After sucking at my breast for a while she thrust her own loving hands into my mouth. For an instance I was about to decline but I saw Dianne looking on at me and I suddenly thought "The bitch if she can do it, so can I!" As I looked at the plain faced nigres I put

everything out of my mind and gave myself over to the euphoric sensation of sex. You like my big black ass? I'll tell you my husband thinks they're the key to all this world. You wanna see them?" she pulled up her T-shirt and flopped out her gigantic black breasts. They really were incredible, about the size of two walnut globes of the world and just as full and round. Her nipples were at least twice the size of my own. I've never seen and absolutely got shoving black.

When I gazed with appreciative amazement she was really pleased. "You like my tits eh? Well go on then you get some a feel!" Holding them out for my pleasure, I too beamed with happiness,

and as she laughed her breasts wobbled like monstrous pillows.

Taking the proffered tits I tweaked the nipples between my thumbs and forefingers and began pulling them. For such massive udders they were unbearably firm and full. To my great surprise they began leaking milk onto my fingers. I couldn't control my cry of pleasure. "Go on then babies, you can suck them if you want to!"

I needed no second bidding to gulp away at her milk filled tits. With great delight it occurred to me that I didn't see any young babies around and I thought you had to have babies to produce milk. I suppose there is an explanation but as I drank at her breasts I was oblivious







to everything as I enjoyed myself as never before. The huge black apples dotted riverlets of reds over her massive boobs everywhere I spouted them. As I lapped it up, not willing to waste a single drop she checked with delight. She was really enjoying herself feeding me.

We kissed passionately and began squeezing each other.

Dianne took off her bra "Go on suck them" she proffered up her beautiful worn steel nipples to me. "Let me see what it's like when you do it."

It tasted like a delicious hurt as I drew on her nipples.

Soon I had my bra off and Dianne was playing with my breasts.

Dianne began to knead

one huge breast. It was a new sensation, someone that I really liked was making love with me.

"Lindy darling! Lindy Please love me!"

Dianne lay back on the floor and drew back her thighs exposing her delicious vagina. It was already glistening with excitement. I knelt between her legs and started to rub my own valve against hers.

It was a tender response as we reached sensations so sensual, we knew that no male could ever take us that far. We orgasmed together in a splendid satisfying release. That night we slept in love with our feelings for each other as we made love, then slept soundly in a tight embrace.









The wind whipped angrily down the deserted suburban street, driving the fine drizzle into my face. Turning up my collar I took the soggy cigarette and into the gutter and crossed the road. The sodium street lamps cast some yellow shadows across the glistening pavement. I glanced at my watch. It was after one in the morning and I still had three miles to walk. If only I had left that bloody awful party half an hour earlier. Then I wouldn't have missed the last bus. If only I hadn't wasted all that time chatting up that bloody awful old hostess with the crooked teeth and spotty neck. If only . . .

That was my trouble. I had twenty-twenty headaches. Everything was "if only." One day, I thought, I might grow up and stop living in a fantasy world. One day British Rail might run on time!

I pushed all such trivial thoughts from my mind and concentrated on the problem in hand. I had to get myself home to my warm little flat and out of this bloody rain!

I stepped under the next street light to try to figure out where the hell I was. I was unfamiliar

Bathtime

with the area through which I was passing. I looked up and down the street to try to see some recognizable landmark. It was then that I glimpsed something out the corner of my eye that made me do a double-take.

I peered through the raindrainage drizzle at an illuminated, uncurtained window on the other side of the street. Yes, there it was again. Someone wandering around that house. Nothing unusual in that, except this was a girl and she was wearing very little.

My curiosity was piqued. I crossed the street to get a better view.

I watched fascinated as she busied herself around the bathroom then headed for the bedroom. She was just filling up the wash basin when I snapped out of the spell. What if someone should come along and spot me behaving

like the proverbial dirty old man, staring at some hapless twenty-year-old through her bedroom window?

I turned reluctantly away and made off down the road. But my mind kept returning to the image of that voluptuous body as it stood before the wash stand—I imagined her soaping a flannel slowly, sensuously, as the sparkling coils of lather ran down her outstretched arms. She applied the cloth to those magnificent mounds of flesh, smoothing the soap onto her breasts. And the heavy curls swung this way and that as she rubbed them.

In my mind's eye her large, brown nipples came to attention like two little soldiers on guard duty. It was plain from the rapt expression on her face that the sensations she was experiencing were due to something more than



a single swelling in her new-found cleanliness.

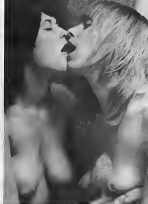
She began to bite her leg as the rhythm of her strokes became firmer and it was obvious that her breath was coming faster now. A low moan escaped her lips. She dropped the flannel. It was forgotten before it hit the line.

Her fingers worked across the expanse of white flesh. They lifted over her stiff nipples, twisting and pulling. She threw her dark head back, eyes shut tight, her sardonic mouthing her dry lips so that they glistered in the harsh electric light. A spasmodic shudder ran through her entire form as her fingers pushed her towards the brink of static frenzy.

I decided that it was time for me to play a more important role in my own fantasy. I pushed the imaginary window open and clambered over the imaginary sill. My blood was pounding in my ears and my legs trembled as I advanced on the dark haired, nameless girl.

In my mind's eye she whirled







as my rubber-soled shoes made soft spongy noises on the bedroom carpet. A broad smile of anticipation spread across her face. Maintaining the rhythm of her breast stroke with her left hand she held out her right to me. The knot in my throat made it difficult to breathe.

As I moved within arm's reach she reached my neck with her soapy arms and pulled my head to her gorgeous breasts. My tongue flicked over the taut nipples, tracing forth means of pleasure from the pit. Her hands moved my head back and forth, falling into the rhythm set up by my tongue. And the pounding blood had receded from between my can-

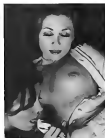
in between my legs. My rampant wit was straggling against the confines of my blue dreams as the soapy licks from her nipples filtered past my teeth and flowed over my tongue. Her naked groin was working against mine, pushing me towards the brink of orgasm, threatening to make me come in my pants.

As this fantasy unfolded I was oblivious to the wind and the drizzle. My consciousness was filled to overflowing with images of the unknown girl in that unknown bedroom in that unknown house.

I weighed her heavy breasts in my hands, feeling their underside pressing downwards on my palms, the nipples thrusting out against

my wrists. She began to whisper to herself. I couldn't make out the words, but I didn't care. All I could think of was those incredible, fleshy breasts and the relentless pressure of her black pubes against the front of my trousers. The orgasm was welling up from the pit of my stomach. And with a silent gasp I came on gushes.

Still shuddering from the force of that incredible orgasm I snapped back to reality. A sinking feeling filtered through me as I looked down at the front of my pants. Oh, Jesus! That was all I needed. And I had only bought them that day! My fantasy had worked me up to such a pitch that I had come





The spent feeling that always follows the best arguments crept up and hit me from behind. My knees threatened to give way beneath me and I had to clutch at a convenient lamp-post to prevent myself pitching forwards into the rain soaked pavement. Sweat mingled with rain-water on my face as I sought to catch my breath. I looked around me. I was only a few streets from my flat.

The fantasy of the girl with the dark hair and the amazing knockout had been so real that I was actually being through it. It had taken possession of me as I walked down the wind-swept suburban streets. I had been walking without even realising where I was.

Maybe living in a fantasy world isn't such a bad thing after all.



A MEASURE OF SUCKcess!











